

HANOVER, SEPT. 17, 1803.

HINDU PHILOSOPHER.

[CONTINUED.]

ALTHOUGH gross indelicacy, both in dress and language, appear upon the stage, still the fair one joins the rank applause, and aids the guilty triumph. In the intervals of the play, perhaps she ogles at some favorite beau, peeps through the lattice of her fan, while she seems to hide her face, or whispers some romantic sentiment to the belle, who sits next to her.

After the play, she returns home, sick of the dull scenes of real life, longs to become the heroine of some adventure, and the favorite of some gallant knight. She slumbers on a bed of down, and beneath a canopy of silk, till the sun has travelled half way from the dawn to the meridian. Then, languid and pale, through excessive indulgence, she redeems time enough from sleep to dress for the evening.

The circus, perhaps, opens its doors, and the delicate creature, who would have shrieked at a spider, and swooned at a mouse, flies with alacrity to see feats of dangerous activity, and perilous horsemanship.

The circus, my dear El Hassan, is a place where men, who have been trained to the business, mount horses of great activity, which are driven round upon half speed within the circular building, where the spectators are seated. While the horses are in full motion, the riders vault from the ground into the saddle, and back to the ground again; stand upon one foot, on the horse, with the toes of the other foot in the mouth;—sustain a boy erect upon the shoulder; and perform a thousand other feats, the sight of which, to a man of humanity, is painful in the extreme.

Thou wilt ask, what there is in this amusement, which can interest a rational mind? I have often asked the question too; but have been told, that I had mistaken the object of the amusement; for, it was invented for the entertainment of ladies of quality.

Thou wilt hardly credit the idea, that ladies should be entertained by an amusement, which is both distressing and indecent; for as well might the women of Hindustan resort to the vallies of Bahar, to see the unwieldy movements of the elephants, which are tamed for war.

But I have learned from an accurate survey of human life, that there is no amusement, however foreign from the delicacy of the sex, and no dress, however indecent, which the tyranny of fashion will not impose upon ladies of quality, in countries, which have not, like Hindustan, wisely regulated the contour of a garment, and the diversions of an evening.

If both the circus and the theatre are closed, perhaps the fair lady, when the first shades of night darken the vallies, resorts to a gay circle, sips hyson, nibbles half a biscuit, and relates the perils she encountered in passing the dark passage at the last play, where the courage of Sir Christopher Lovelace, saved her from the loss of her slipper.

The piano or harpsicord beguiles the first moments of the evening, but presently, the card-tables are displayed, and every eye is fixed, and every mind is intent upon the progress of the game. The fickle goddess, fortune, flutters from side to side, and seems in doubt where to rest, till at length she settles upon the breast of some fair gamester.

It would be disgusting to describe all the four looks, the heart-burnings, and gentle curses, which occur on both sides of the game, before the clock strikes three, and the harbinger of day, sounds his shrill clarion at the approach of light.

Then, these ladies of quality, with jaded spirits, and distempered minds, retire to feverish dreams, and broken slumbers.

Now and then, an idle hour is spent in poring over the page of some glowing novel, or extravagant romance; an airing is taken in a coach with closed windows; a morning call is made, or a gilded fan cheapened.

The ball also displays its dazzling splendors, where elegance, music, and luxury, reign within, while winter rages without. Here, the fair one, in all the pomp of dress, floats down the dance; while the fop, a gilded insect, flutters by her side.

Thus, with these ladies, life is one scene of varying dissipation, with such interruptions only, as nature imperiously demands, to restore her exhausted powers. All the endearing charities of mother, sister, wife, are swallowed up in one wide gulf of dissipation; and the mind, barren of useful information, and the heart, destitute of practical virtue, fall a prey to despair, whenever sickness seizes on the constitution, or old age destroys its youthful powers.

O, my dear El Hassan, wouldst thou select such an one for the wife of thy bosom, or the mother of thy children? Would her smiles thrill thy heart with joy? Would her tenderness cheer thy sick bed, or her endearing converse beguile thy midnight hours?

But the other and remaining class of American women, is of a character entirely different from either of those, which I have described. They are placed above the miseries and meanness of poverty; and below the vices and vanity of wealth.

Nearly imbued with virtue and modesty, they are rational, domestic, and industrious. Their life is divided between useful employment, cheerful society, and virtuous and moderate amusements. Rarely at the theatre and assembly room, and never at the circus and card-table, their pleasures give a zest to life, and render welcome the return of the fire-side happiness, and the family society. Business is with them the pleasure, not pleasure the business, of life. They rise to breathe the sweet incense of the morning, which the joyful earth offers to its great Creator; they listen to the matin song of the lark, while she mounts into the clouds which are gilded with the first effusions of light.

The volumes which contain the precepts of religion and morals; those which unfold the springs of human action, and delineate the thousand shades of human character; the clear page of history; the books of the fine arts, and the treasures of poetical lore, all lie open to their perusal, and occupy a portion of each passing day.

The domestic offices, and the household good, are not forgotten. Conscious that the family is the great scene of female action, and of female pleasure, here they concentrate their most serious thoughts, and make their most serious exertions.

Despising, alike, that contemptible servility, which would ascribe to them the perfections of angels, and offer them the adoration of Gods; and that unnatural system of false philosophy, which would harden them into masculine beings, too proud to be women, too weak to be men, they cultivate the feminine virtues, sweeten every action by tenderness, and grace every sentiment by love. O, my dear El Hassan, wouldst thou not select such an one for the wife of thy bosom, and the mother of thy children? Would not her smiles thrill thy heart with joy? Would not her tenderness cheer thy sick bed, and her endearing converse beguile thy midnight hours? Salutation to Geneva.

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From EDGEWORTH'S *Practical Education*.

THE means which have been pointed out for teaching the habit of obedience, must not be depended on for teaching any thing more than the mere habit. When children begin to reason, they do not act merely from habit; they will not be obedient at this age, unless their understanding is convinced that it is for their advantage to be so. Wherever we can explain the reasons for any of our requests, we should now attempt it; but whenever these cannot be fully explained, it is

better not to give a partial explanation; it will be best to say steadily, "You cannot understand this now, you will perhaps understand it some time hence." Whenever we tell children, that we forbid them to do such and such things for any particular reason, we must take care that the reason assigned is adequate, and that it will in all cases hold good. For instance, if we forbid a boy to eat unripe fruit, because it will make him ill, and if afterwards the boy eat some unripe gooseberries without feeling ill in consequence of his disobedience, he will doubt the truth of the person who prohibited unripe fruit; he will rather trust his own partial experience than any assertions. The idea of hurting his health is a general idea which he does not yet comprehend. It is more prudent to keep him out of the way of unripe gooseberries, than to hazard at once his obedience and his integrity. We need not expatiate farther; the instance we have given may be readily applied to all cases in which children have it in their power to disobey with immediate impunity; and, what is still more dangerous, with the certainty of obtaining immediate pleasure. The gratification of their senses, and the desire of bodily exercise, ought never to be unnecessarily restrained. Our pupils should distinctly perceive that we wish to make them happy; and every instance, in which they discover that obedience has really made them happier will be more in our favor than all the lectures we could preach. From the past they will judge of the future; children who have for many years experienced, that their parents have exacted obedience only to such commands as proved to be ultimately wise and beneficial, will surely be disposed from habit, from gratitude, and yet more from prudence, to consult their parents in all the material actions of their lives.

BEAUTIES OF SAURIN.

LOVE TO GOD.

DO you imagine you truly love God while you have only languid emotions toward him, and while you reserve all your activity and fire for the world. There is, between God and a believer, a tender and affectionate intercourse. Godliness hath its festivals and exuberances. Flesh and blood, ye that cannot inherit the kingdom of God, ye impure ideas of concupiscence, depart; be gone far away from our imaginations. There is a time in which the mystical spouse faints, and utters such exclamations as these:—"I sleep, but my heart waketh! Set me as a seal upon thy arm, for love is stronger than death, and jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame! Many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it."

DEATH.

THE most sensible motive to abate the passions is Death. The tomb is the best course of morality: Study avarice in the coffin of a miser; this is the man who accumulated heap upon heap, riches upon riches—see, a few boards enclose him, and a few square inches of earth contain him! Study ambition in the grave of that enterprising man; see his noble designs, his extensive projects, his boundless expedients, are all shattered and sunk in this fatal gulph of human projects! Approach the tomb of the proud man, and there investigate pride: See the mouth that pronounced lofty expressions condemned to eternal silence; the piercing eyes that convulsed the world with fear, covered with a midnight gloom; the formidable arm that distributed the destinies of mankind without motion or life! Go to the tomb of the nobleman, and there study quality; behold his magnificent titles, his royal ancestors, his flattering inscriptions, his learned genealogies, are all gone, or going to be lost with himself in the same dust! Study vo-

luphousness at the grave of the voluptuous; see his senses are destroyed, his organs broken to pieces, his bones scattered at the grave's mouth, and the whole temple of sensual pleasure subverted from its foundations.

For the LITERARY TABLET.

NATURE is often a bountiful, sometimes a profuse, but seldom a lavish benefactress. She unfrequently discovers the doting fondness of parental partiality, or the envious parsimony of a step-mother. Generally bestowing a competence of intellect, she wisely leaves much to the labor of acquisition and arrangement. No one is a "Roscus in every thing;" and it is amusing and instructive, by speculating on individual characters, to observe what nice, but insurmountable barriers separate the several provinces of genius, and to remark how near eminence may encroach on to the neighborhood of weakness. About the same time that the universal remedy shall be found to cure every thing, an universal genius will be found to excel in every thing. When mercury and opium, emetics and drastics unite in the same substance, then the strength of NEWTON, and the tenderness of HANDEL and RAPHAEL will combine in the same mind. But nature, to prevent despotism in mental powers, has not only thrown impassable obstacles between those wide extremes; she has also strongly fenced her minuter divisions, and forbids encroachment in the closest vicinity. It is for these reasons that slight knowledge of a character so often deceives us. From such a knowledge we are frequently induced to think one capable of performing, in some branch or other, with great success; because we imagine we have seen a display of the necessary powers. A better acquaintance may verify all our premises, but contradict the conclusion. Thus whoever acts with discretion, coolness, decision and intrepidity, is supposed capable of expressing ideas with clearness, if not with elegance; with precision and force, if not with beauty. But in this, Providence has taken care that we be often disappointed; examples to the contrary frequently abound.

There is scarcely mentioned in story, a man of more mind, than OLIVER CROMWELL; scarcely one whose measures were laid with deeper judgment, prosecuted with more skill and energy, and followed with more complete success. His thorough knowledge of men; his profound, infectible hypocrisy, never failing of effect, although the disguise seemed sometimes transparently thin; his fanaticism, that overturned the reason of every body but himself; his cool, calculating policy; his dispatch and celerity in action; all these render Cromwell a phenomenon. Yet was there ever man who had less command of the power of speech? Was there ever man who expressed himself, or rather attempted to express himself, with so little success?—His elocution was utterly embarrassed and confused, and it seemed, that by long hiding his meaning from others, he had actually lost it himself. He well understood which way the general current of reasons tended, and what sort of action they required, and was consequently never at a loss what to do, but never able to explain the grounds of his conduct. His embarrassment did not arise from want of words, nor of ideas; but from the want of a power to discriminate the ideas of his own mind, whereby he might be able to deliver them to others in a distinct and individual shape.

At the time when Oliver was master of the three kingdoms; when his sagacity astonished Europe, and fleets and armies raised by his vigor and activity afflicted it, there was not, perhaps, a peasant in England but could have dictated a better letter than the Protector. When he had raised himself from the lowest walk in life to fill the throne of his lawful sovereign, when Parliaments were made and remade by his breath, he could not make himself understood on a subject the least difficult or intricate. Whatever he did, seemed the result of sagacity bordering on intuition; whatever

he said, the offspring of weakness bordering on idiocy.—In 1657, the Parliament made him a tender of the crown, and when it behooved him to use his best rhetoric, he replied to them in the following observations, in which the acutest understanding can discover no vestige of common sense. "I confess," said he, "for it behoves me to deal plainly with you, I must confess, I would say, I hope, I may be understood in this, for indeed I must be tender what I say to such an audience as this; I say I would be understood, that in this argument, I do not make parallel betwixt men of a different mind, and a parliament which shall have their desires. I know there is no comparison, nor can it be urged upon me, that my words have the least colour that way, because the parliament seems to give liberty to me to say any thing to you; as that, that is a tender of my humble reasons and judgment and opinion to them; and if I think they are such, and will be such to them, and are faithful servants, and will be so to the supreme authority, and the legislative whereforever it is: If, I say, I should not tell you, knowing their minds to be so, I should not be faithful, if I should not tell you so, to the end you may report it to the Parliament; I shall say something for myself, for my own mind, I do profess it, I am not a man scrupulous about words or names of such things I have not," &c. &c.

Mr. HUME says of Oliver, that "the sagacity of his actions and the absurdity of his discourses, form the most prodigious contrast that ever was known."

contempt of honors, fame and pleasure; it is no uncommon thing to find persons absolutely enslaved by spleen, envy, and ambition.

If philosophy is the search after truth, sincerity must be the first and the most essential quality of a philosopher. Great talents, and the art of thinking are not exclusive privileges granted to persons of cool, dispassionate, and virtuous dispositions. The man who thinks is not always a philosopher; he may have a wretched temper, be tormented with spleen, and a slave to passion; he may be envious, haughty, deceitful, dissatisfied with others and with himself. When this is the case, he is incapable of making just observations; his reasonings become suspicious; he can scarce see himself in his genuine native colours; or, if he does, he strives to conceal from himself the obliquity, and irregularity of his temper and disposition: his philosophy, or rather the motley systems of his brain, are full of confusion; there is no connection in his principles; all is sophistry and contradiction; insincerity, pride, envy, caprice, misanthropy, appear throughout; and, if the vulgar dazzled with his talents, and the novelty of his principles, look upon him as a profound and sublime philosopher, persons of nicer discernment see nothing but spleen, disappointed vanity, and sometimes malignity, under the guise of virtue.

The philosopher has no right to esteem or value himself but when he contributes to the welfare of his fellow creatures. The applauses of his conscience are then only lawful and necessary when he knows he deserves them. In a world blinded by prejudice, and so often ungrateful, this ideal recompense is, alas! almost the only one that is left to virtue. Let the philosopher therefore esteem himself when he has done good; let him congratulate himself upon his being free from those vain desires, those vices, those shameful passions, those imaginary wants with which others are tormented; but let him not compare himself with his fellow-creatures in such a manner as to shock their self-love. If he thinks himself happier than they, let him not insult their wretchedness; above all, let him not plunge them in despair. The friend of wisdom ought to be the friend of man; he ought never to despise them; he ought to sympathize with them in their afflictions; he ought to comfort and encourage them. A love of mankind, an enthusiasm for public good, sensibility, humanity,—these are the motives which he may acknowledge without a blush.—Without this, philosophy is only an idle and useless declamation against the human species, which proves nothing but the pride or peevishness of the declaimer, and convinces no body.

What title, indeed, has the philosopher to despise or insult his fellow creatures? Is it because he imagines he has superior knowledge? But his knowledge is useless, if society derives no advantage from it. Why should he hate his species, or what glory can arise from misanthropy? True and solid glory can only be founded on humanity, the love of mankind, sensibility and gentleness of manners.—Are men ignorant and full of prejudices? Alas! education, example, habit and authority oblige them to be so. Are they slaves to vice, passion, and frivolous desires? Those who regulate their destiny, the impostors who seduce them, the model they have before their eyes, produce in their hearts all the vices that torment them. To hate or despise men for their errors and follies, is to insult those whom we ought to pity, and to reproach them with necessary and unavoidable infirmities.

Let us comfort man, therefore, but let us never insult or despise him; on the contrary, let us inspire him with confidence; let us teach him to set a just value upon himself, and to feel his own dignity and importance; let us exalt his views, and give him, if possible, that vigour and force which so many causes combine to break and destroy.—True wisdom is bold and manly; it never assumes the haughty and imperious air of superstition, which seems to have nothing else in view, but to debase and annihilate the human mind. If the philosopher has warmth and energy of soul, if he is susceptible of a deep and strong indignation, let

COMMUNICATIONS.

"Bombatio, clangor, stridor, tarantara, murmure."
ANON.

IN the repositories of American Literature is preserved a poetical dialogue in celebration of Indian Warfare. The four following lines are that part of the work in which the Muse, as her custom is, summarily recounts to the Poet, and he again to the public, the direful causes of the war. A more sonorous strain of *Indian Epic*, will scarcely be found between this and the sources of the Mississippi.

"When the brave Doughty fail'd the Tennessee
"To transact business with the Chickesaw,
"A base banditti of the Shawanese
"Joined with the Cherokee fail'd down the stream."

If any one ever excels this, it will be by making *Tuscarora* and *Dagrib'd* slide in Anapaestic, and *Catawaqui* and *Chantaque* groan through an Hexameter.

CICERO, in his treatise on Old Age, has a fine criticism on the Latin word *convivium*; which is rendered, in American, *feast*, or *banquet*. It expresses, says he, not the pleasure of *feasting together*, but that of *living together*.

AN IDEA OF A PERFECT PHILOSOPHER.

THERE is no prejudice more common than that of confounding singularity, and the love of distinction, with philosophy. Nor is this at all surprising. The vulgar, who never carry their thoughts beyond appearances, are struck with a man who deviates from the common path, who pursues a system of conduct directly opposite to that of the generality of mankind, who despises what others covet, who renounces riches, grandeur, and all the sweets and allurements of life.—The whimsical singularity of his conduct, after dazzling the eyes of the vulgar, sometimes creates a prejudice in favor of his opinions; nay, it happens not unfrequently, that from being an object of pity or of ridicule, he obtains applause and admiration.

But let us distinguish philosophy from what has only the appearance of it; let us consider the man who professes it without prejudice, and let us not prostitute the name of wisdom to peevishness.—Under the Cynic's mantle, or that of the Stoic; under the appearance of disinterestedness, and a

him rouse and exert himself against those falsehoods and impostures, of which his species has been so long the victim; let him boldly attack those prejudices, which are the real sources of all human calamities; let him destroy in the opinion of his brethren the empire of those tyrants who abuse their ignorance and credulity; let him wage eternal warfare with superstition, which has so often deluged the earth with blood; let him vow irreconcilable enmity to that horrid despotism, which, for so many ages has fixed its throne in the midst of wretched nations. If he thinks himself possessed of superior knowledge, let him communicate it to others; if he is more intrepid, let him lend them a helping hand; if he is free, let him point out to others the means of asserting their freedom; let him endeavor to cure them of their fervile and debasing prejudices, and the shackles which opinion has forged will soon fall from off their hands. To insult the wretched is the height of barbarity; to refuse to lead the blind is the height of cruelty; and to reproach them bitterly for having fallen into the ditch, is both folly and inhumanity.

GANGANELL'S LETTER TO ONE OF HIS SISTERS.

THE loss which we have had of so many relations and friends, my dear Sister, declares to us that this life is only borrowed, and that God alone essentially possesseth immortality. What ought to be our comfort is, that we shall be re-united in, if we attach ourselves constantly to Him.

The troubles you speak of ought to be more precious than pleasures, if you have faith. Calvary is in this world the general station of a Christian; and if he sometimes mounts upon Tabor, it is only for an instant.

My health continues with its usual vigour, because I neither live too sparing, nor too full; my stomach is sometimes inclined to be sick, but I tell it that I have not leisure, and it leaves me in quiet. Study absorbs those trifling inconveniences which mankind complain of so frequently. It often happens that we are indisposed, through idleness;—many women are sick, without knowing where their complaint lies, because they have nothing to do: they are tired of being too well, and this satiety is oppressive to people of fashion.

I am very glad to have such good accounts of little Michael. It is a plant which will produce excellent fruit, if carefully cultivated. All depends upon a happy culture; we become every thing or nothing, according to the education we receive.

You regret that we do not see one another: but neither our figures nor our words form our friendship. Provided our affections and thoughts unite us, what signifies our persons being at a distance? When we love one another in God, we see one another always, for God is every where: he ought to be the centre of all our sentiments, as he is of our souls.

I embrace you most cordially, and set an high value on your Letters; they recall the memory of a Father I knew but too little, and of a Mother whose life was a constant lesson of virtue. I have never failed to remember them at the altar, nor you, my dear Sister, to whom I am beyond all expression,

A most humble and affectionate, &c.

HINT TO MOTHERS

Who do not Nurse their own Offspring.

THE following fact is as well attested as it is singular.—Some country girls belonging to a village of the Spanish Cerdagne, situated upon the highest of the Pyrenean mountains, saw, as they were gathering wild spinage, a flock of Izarns, a species of Chamois goats, followed by their kids: they tried to catch one of the latter, and succeeded. The rest of the flock had fled; but, scarce

had the poor captive bleated, when an Izarn was seen listening at a distance. This was the dam, whom the girl, that was possessed of the kid, tried by its means to draw nearer, and to catch. Climbing a craggy rock with her prey, she shews it to the dam, who at the cries of the young Izarn begins to approach, trembling; and, after retiring and returning several times, with repeated bleatings on both sides, at last yields to Nature, comes to her kid, and suffers herself, without resistance, to be tied by the female peasant. Forgetting her savageness, she allowed herself to be conducted wherever the villager pleased. But where is the wonder? The Izarn was a mother,—not a mere nurse.

FEMALE COURAGE and HUMANITY.

ON the 16th of September, as two ladies were walking along the river side at Choisy, near Paris, their attention was engaged by two children playing in a boat.—Alarmed at their danger, the ladies entreated them to come to the bank. The children laughed at their fears, continued their play, and one of them fell into the river. The ladies called in vain for help; no person appeared, and the little Unfortunate was going to disappear for ever, when the elder of the two ladies, consulting only her humanity, darted forward with the rapidity of lightning, half swimming and half sustained by her clothes, into the river. She got up to the child at the moment when he was sinking, caught him by the hair, and brought him to land with equal address and good fortune. The child fainted; the same lady assisted him to recover. He faltered out his thanks, and expressed his fear that he should be chastised by his parents when they were informed of the adventure. His fair deliverer took him by the hand, brought him to his mother, pleaded his cause, obtained his pardon, threw some louis on the table, and disappeared!

Method of preserving fruit of different kinds, in a fresh state, about twelve months.

IT is necessary to gather the fruit two or three days before you begin the process. Take care not to bruise the fruit, and to gather them before they are quite ripe.—Spread them on a table, over a little clean straw, to dry them: this is best done on a parlour floor, leaving the windows open to admit fresh air, so that all the moisture on the skin of the fruit may be perfectly dried away.

Pears and apples take three days;—strawberries only twenty-four hours; and the latter should be taken up on a silver three-pronged fork, and the stalk cut off without touching them, as the least pressure will cause them to rot. Take only the largest and fairest fruit.—This is the most tender and difficult fruit to preserve; but, if done with attention, will keep six months: there must not be more than one pound in one jar. Choose a common earthen jar, with a stopper of the same that will fit close.

The pears and apples then, sorted as before, must be wrapped up separately in soft wrapping paper, and twist it closely about the fruit; then lay clean straw at the bottom, and a layer of fruit; then a layer of straw, and so on till your vessel is full. But you must not put more than a dozen in each jar; if more, their weight will bruise those at the bottom.

Peaches and apricots are best stored up wrapped each in soft paper, and fine shred paper between the fruit, and also the layers.—Grapes must be stored in the jar with fine shred paper, which will keep one from touching the other as much as possible. Five or six bunches are the most which should be put into one jar; if they are large, not so many; for it is to be understood, that whenever you open a jar you must use that day all the fruit that is in it.

Strawberries, as well as peaches, should have fine shred paper under and between them, in the

place of straw, which is only to be used for apples and pears. Put in the strawberries, and the paper, layer by layer; when the jar is full, put on the stopper, and have it well luted round, so as perfectly to keep out the air. A composition of resin or grafting wax is best: let none of it get within side the jar, which is to be placed in a temperate cellar; but be sure to finish your process in the last quarter of the moon.—Do not press the fruit, as any juice running out would spoil all below.

COMMENCEMENT.

Wednesday, 24th of August, was the anniversary Commencement at Dartmouth University. At 11 o'clock, the President, Board of Trustees, Executive Officers of College, gentlemen of public education and character, candidates for degrees, and all the members of the Institution, walked in procession to the meetinghouse. After prayer by the President, and an excellent piece of music, attention was given to the Exercises, which were—A Salutatory Oration in Latin, by Frederick Hall. A Philosophic Oration, on Comets, by John Nelson—A Dialogue, on Suicide, by Eben'r B. Morse and John M. Folsdick—A Dispute, on the question, "Would an equal toleration of all Religions tend to the benefit of Christianity?" by Paul Tenney and Jabez Woodman—An English Oration, on the Social Affections, by Reuben D. Mussey—An Oration, on Refinement, by Thad. Osgood—An Oration, on the advantages of a Republican Government, by Noah D. Mattoon—A Dialogue, on the Polish Revolution, by Asa Peabody and Nathan Weston—A Greek Oration, on the Works of Creation, by Jonathan B. Storey.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was then conferred on Samuel Bascom, Jesse L. Billings, Luther Chapman, Jonathan Eastman, John M. Folsdick, Isaac Garvin, Samuel Haines, Frederick Hall, Nehemiah Hardy, Jacob Holt, Henry Hubbard, Nehemiah Huntington, John Keyes, Benjamin Kimball, Vryling Lovell, Elihu Lyman, Joseph A. Marshall, Noah D. Mattoon, Azor Moody, Ebenezer B. Morse, Reuben D. Mussey, John Nelson, Salmon Nye, Thaddeus Osgood, Edmund Parker, Huchens Patten, Samuel Peabody, Asa Peabody, Samuel A. Pearson, Jeremiah Perley, Samuel W. Phelps, John Pike, John Porter, Experience Porter, Silas H. Sabin, Calvin Selden, George C. Shattuck, Jonathan B. Storey, Luther Storrs, Paul Tenney, Enoch E. Tilton, Nathan Weston, Luke Wood, Jabez Woodman, and on Nathan Waldo.

The degree of Bachelor of Medicine was conferred on Daniel Adams, Berish Bishop, Edmund Carleton, George Farrar, Dan Hough, Abner Howe, Eliphalet Lyman, and Edward Tudor.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Charles Coffin, George Farrar, David M'Gregore, Jeremiah Noyes, Joseph Warren Brackett, Benjamin Clark, Theophilus Olcott, Cyrus Perkins, Samuel Swift, and Abijah Wines.—Also on the Rev. William Morrison and Henry Williams; and on the Hon. Stephen Jacob and Jonathan Robinson, Esq's.

The degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred on Henry Wells.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on the Rev. David M'Clure and Rev. Joseph M'Keen—Doctor of Laws, on his Excellency Edmund Fanning, Governor of the island of Prince Edward.

The Valedictory Oration was then pronounced, by Joseph A. Marshall.

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The Editor can offer no other apology for a number of typographical errors in the last Tablet, than a series of engagements, which, at that time had a higher claim to his attention.—It shall be his endeavor to avoid the necessity of a similar apology in future.

DIED.

At Cambridge, on Saturday, 27th ult. the Rev. DAVID TAPPAN, D. D. Hollis Professor of Divinity in Harvard College, aged 51.

THE WORN-OUT MARINER.

PRIDE! behold where, at thy lofty gate,
The famish'd Beggar lies! The lame, the
blind,

The poor artificer, or vet'ran bold,
Whose guileless age and mutilated limbs
Are his proud passports! Dost thou feel for him—
Thy brother—Man? But nobler than thyself
By Nature's heraldry! Behold his scars,
His silver hair, scatter'd by ev'ry blast
That wings the wintry storm. Does gratitude
To him present a portion of that wealth,
Which he, by many an hour of fierce exploit,
Rescued from foreign foes? Does fancy paint,
Amid thy dreams of labour'd respiration,
The stormy night, when, on the tatter'd shrouds,
Drench'd by the pelting show'r, the seaman stood,
Braving the dreadful gulf that yawn'd below?
Such was the Mendicant that haunts thy gate;
So were his youthful hours consum'd for thee!
When o'er the rocking deck the sulphur'd flash
Of desolating War its terrors threw,
Midst dying groans; while thund'ring, peal on
peal,

The brazen tongue of Slaughter roar'd revenge,
Making Heaven's concave tremble! See that cheek,
Wither'd by torrid suns or gelid climes,
Bath'd with a silent tear! Beside him stands,
With half-retiring step and modest eye,
His mis'ry's only hope—a beautiful girl—
Gentle as innocent! Her daily task
Is filial piety: attention sweet,
That marks th' angelic mind! Her outstretch'd
arm

Guides the slow footsteps of her drooping sire,
Grown blind with age, and wearied out with toil.
Yet, midst the sober wilderness of woe,
Her voice breathes comfort; and her speaking eye,
When on a bed of straw her parent sleeps,
Is rais'd in supplication to that God
Who mocks Distinction! Fortune—dull, & blind—
Thou, from whose loss uncounted treasures fall,
Strewing the paths of bloated infamy
With rich redundancy of Nature's stores,
Till the pall'd fancy sickens, and the senses
Faint with satiety: oh, Fortune blind!
Hadst thou no little heard for modest worth?
No silent nook, in the vast space of earth,
Where the wrong'd child of Poverty might rest,
Screen'd from the worst of mortal miseries—
The cold Contempt of Ignorance and Pride?
Yes—know high-crested Pride, there yet remains
One place—one sacred, solitary spot—
Where we shall rest, remember'd; while thy
name

Shall steal to dark oblivion; when the grave
Shall be your equal home; and time shall prove
That Pity's tear, which consecrates the dust
Of humbled Virtue, shall ascend to Heav'n,
When tombs of kings shall moulder into dust!

THE STORY OF A DISABLED SOLDIER.

[Continued from last.]

"PEOPLE may say this and that of being in
jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agree-
able a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had
my belly full to eat and drink, and do no work at
all. This kind of life was too good to last fore-
ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five
months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with
two hundred more, to the plantations. We had
but an indifferent passage, for being all confined
in the hold, more than a hundred of our people
died for want of sweet air; and those that re-
mained were sickly enough, God knows. When
we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and
I was bound for seven years more. As I was no
scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was ob-
liged to work among the negroes; and I served
out my time, as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I worked my
passage home, and glad I was to see Old England
again, because I loved my country. I was afraid,
however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond

once more, so I did not much care to go down
into the country, but kept about the town, and did
little jobs when I could get them.

"I was very happy in this manner for some
time, till one evening, coming home from work,
two men knocked me down, and then desired me
to stand. They belonged to a press-gang; I was
carried before the justice; and, as I could give no
account of myself, I had my choice left, whether
to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier:
I chose the latter; and in this post of a gentle-
man, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at
the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but
one wound, through the breast here; but the
doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

"When the peace came on I was discharged;
and, as I could not work, because my wound was
sometimes troublesome, I list for a landman in
the East India Company's service. I have fought
the French in six pitched battles; and I verily
believe that, if I could read or write, our captain
would have made me a corporal. But it was not
my good fortune to have any promotion, for I
soon fell sick, and got leave to return home again
with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the
beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be
set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending
my money; but the government wanted men,
and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could
set foot on shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an ob-
stinate fellow: he swore he knew that I under-
stood my business well, but that I shammed Abra-
ham, to be idle; but, God knows, I knew nothing
of sea-business, and he beat me, without con-
sidering what he was about. I had still, how-
ever, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort
to me under every bearing; and the money I
might have had to this day, but that our ship was
taken by the French, and so I lost all.

"Our crew was carried into Brest, and many
of them died, because they were not used to live
in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me,
for I was seasoned. One night, as I was a sleep
on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about
me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awaken-
ed by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in
his hand: 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock
out the French sentry's brains?' 'I don't care,'
says I, 'striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a
hand.' 'Then follow me,' says he, 'and I hope
we shall do business.' So up I got, and tied my
blanket, which was all the cloaths I had, about my
middle, and went with him to fight the French-
men. I hate the French, because they are all
slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

"Though we had no arms, one Englishman is
able to beat five French at any time; so we went
down to the door, where both the sentries were
posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms
in a moment, and knocked them down. From
thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and
seizing the first boat we met, got out of the har-
bour, and put to sea. We had not been here
three days before we were taken up by the Dorset
privateer, who were glad of so many good hands,
and we consented to run our chance. However,
we had not as much luck as we expected. In
three days we fell in with the Pompadour priva-
teer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-
three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm.
The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily be-
lieve we should have taken the Frenchman, had
we but had some more men left behind; but, un-
fortunately, we lost all our men just as we were
going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the French;
and I believe it would have gone hard with me,
had I been brought back to Brest; but, by good
fortune, we were re-taken by the Viper. I had

almost forgot to tell you that, in the engagements,
I was wounded in two places; I lost four fingers
off the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I
had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and
use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not a-
board a privateer, I should have been entitled to
cloathing and maintenance during the rest of my
life! but that was not my chance: one man is
born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another
with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God,
I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty
and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old
England for ever, huzza!"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in ad-
miration at his intrepidity, and content; nor could
I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaint-
ance with misery serves better than philosophy, to
teach us to despise it.

OOOO

A DANGEROUS WOMAN.

THAT a word may be a two-edged sword, the
following circumstance will illustrate:—

The daughter of a Barrister, at the death of her
father, found herself in possession of a small com-
petence; she was tenderly attached to a feeble
mother, who lived a retired life; yet her own ex-
cellencies gave her an enlarged circle of acquaint-
ance; but when she appeared in family or private
parties, unhappily, she was too much distinguish-
ed. The other females were neglected, and, in
proportion as the men admired, the ladies, of
course, hated.

They sifted her conduct for a pretext to have her
abandoned, but in vain. A maiden of fortune,
who, from her riches, was allowed to give the
tone to the opinions of her acquaintance, declared
that Miss * * * was a very dangerous woman.

The word hit: they severally pronounced, with
a shake of the head in all their parties, that *such a
one*, although very elegant, and very engaging,
was a dangerous woman. The girls said this to
their brothers, and the wives to their husbands;
and they only spoke truth, for when she was pre-
sent they were all in danger of being overlooked.
Coolness soon turned to estrangement, and this su-
perior creature found, at the age of three-and-twenty,
every door shut against her. A female friend,
to soothe her uneasiness, told her the cause:—
"You are believed to be a dangerous woman."

The word was a death-stroke to her heart. What
could parry it? it implied every thing, without
specifying any thing. Had they imputed any vice
to her, the whole tenor of her life would have been
its refutation.—Sinking under the blow, she pined
in secret, and her constitution was undermined.
Had she made the just translation of this invidious
word, she would have been less affected; for,
when they called her dangerous, they only meant
that she was *attractive*.

Her wretched mother, by advice of the physi-
cian, carried her to Bath. Change of objects, and
amusement, restored her spirits, her health, and
her charms; but, that she might not lose her repu-
tation of being dangerous, a man of affluent fortune
declared himself in danger of losing his peace on
her account. She withdrew the reserve which
had chilled him; marriage followed; and this
dangerous woman now moves in a circle far above
that from which she was chased; and when the
women pursue her with their envy, she takes re-
fuge in the arms of a dotting husband!

OOOO

THE WORLD.

THE world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart;
'Tis fallibly printed, tho' divinely press'd,
And all th' errata will appear at th' end.

Hanover, N. H.

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